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CONTENTS

Editorial	4
The 72 hours and what they can teach us	
Terror in a Jetliner	23
How it feels to bounce on the ceiling while a plane falls two and a half miles. Special Report by Carol Miller	
LIFE Guide	27
The new record albums, showy books and a bargain-rate African safari	
Letters to the Editors	36
Kennedy's Last Journey	38
In color, the pageant of the President's funeral. Jacqueline Kennedy's decisions. Lyndon Johnson moves strongly to his big job—and his Lady Bird steps into her own new role. Forlorn burial of the President's assassin, and the funeral of a policeman he killed. The questions about Lee Harvey Oswald and the answers	
Schippers: Handsome Maestro	57
The young conductor looks like a matinee idol	
Mink-lined Bathrobe	71
It's a many-purpose and costly wrap	
Return of the Dinosaurs	87
Monsters invade the Hudson River—en route to the New York World's Fair	
Last Word in Operating Rooms	93
A hospital builds a surgeon's dream—with electronic controls to keep watch on the patient	
Novelist behind Bars	101
Convicted murderer writes a tough war book. By Richard B. Stolley	
Ossie and Ruby	110
The busy and very talented Davises are everywhere	
The World Mourns J.F.K.	117
Ordinary people and world leaders on both sides of the Iron Curtain display their grief	
Brenda Frazier's Ordeal	133
The most famous debutante ever tells of a trouble-filled life	
Blanchine's Accomplished Pet	147
Choreographer has a cat for a protégé	
The Loving Embrace	150
Toni Frissell photographs its many forms	
An Epilogue by Theodore H. White	158
John-John's Salute	160

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143—144—HENRY GROSSMAN; 145—146—HENRY GROSSMAN; 147—148—HENRY GROSSMAN; 149—150—HENRY GROSSMAN; 151—152—HENRY GROSSMAN; 153—154—HENRY GROSSMAN; 155—156—HENRY GROSSMAN; 157—158—HENRY GROSSMAN; 159—160—HENRY GROSSMAN; 161—162—HENRY GROSSMAN; 163—164—HENRY GROSSMAN; 165—166—HENRY GROSSMAN; 167—168—HENRY GROSSMAN; 169—170—HENRY GROSSMAN; 171—172—HENRY GROSSMAN; 173—174—HENRY GROSSMAN; 175—176—HENRY GROSSMAN; 177—178—HENRY GROSSMAN; 179—180—HENRY GROSSMAN; 181—182—HENRY GROSSMAN; 183—184—HENRY GROSSMAN; 185—186—HENRY GROSSMAN; 187—188—HENRY GROSSMAN; 189—190—HENRY GROSSMAN; 191—192—HENRY GROSSMAN; 193—194—HENRY GROSSMAN; 195—196—HENRY GROSSMAN; 197—198—HENRY GROSSMAN; 199—200—HENRY GROSSMAN; 201—202—HENRY GROSSMAN; 203—204—HENRY GROSSMAN; 205—206—HENRY GROSSMAN; 207—208—HENRY GROSSMAN; 209—210—HENRY GROSSMAN; 211—212—HENRY GROSSMAN; 213—214—HENRY GROSSMAN; 215—216—HENRY GROSSMAN; 217—218—HENRY GROSSMAN; 219—220—HENRY GROSSMAN; 221—222—HENRY GROSSMAN; 223—224—HENRY GROSSMAN; 225—226—HENRY GROSSMAN; 227—228—HENRY GROSSMAN; 229—230—HENRY GROSSMAN; 231—232—HENRY GROSSMAN; 233—234—HENRY GROSSMAN; 235—236—HENRY GROSSMAN; 237—238—HENRY GROSSMAN; 239—240—HENRY GROSSMAN; 241—242—HENRY GROSSMAN; 243—244—HENRY GROSSMAN; 245—246—HENRY GROSSMAN; 247—248—HENRY GROSSMAN; 249—250—HENRY GROSSMAN; 251—252—HENRY GROSSMAN; 253—254—HENRY GROSSMAN; 255—256—HENRY GROSSMAN; 257—258—HENRY GROSSMAN; 259—260—HENRY GROSSMAN; 261—262—HENRY GROSSMAN; 263—264—HENRY GROSSMAN; 265—266—HENRY GROSSMAN; 267—268—HENRY GROSSMAN; 269—270—HENRY GROSSMAN; 271—272—HENRY GROSSMAN; 273—274—HENRY GROSSMAN; 275—276—HENRY GROSSMAN; 277—278—HENRY GROSSMAN; 279—280—HENRY GROSSMAN; 281—282—HENRY GROSSMAN; 283—284—HENRY GROSSMAN; 285—286—HENRY GROSSMAN; 287—288—HENRY GROSSMAN; 289—290—HENRY GROSSMAN; 291—292—HENRY GROSSMAN; 293—294—HENRY GROSSMAN; 295—296—HENRY GROSSMAN; 297—298—HENRY GROSSMAN; 299—300—HENRY GROSSMAN; 301—302—HENRY GROSSMAN; 303—304—HENRY GROSSMAN; 305—306—HENRY GROSSMAN; 307—308—HENRY GROSSMAN; 309—310—HENRY GROSSMAN; 311—312—HENRY GROSSMAN; 313—314—HENRY GROSSMAN; 315—316—HENRY GROSSMAN; 317—318—HENRY GROSSMAN; 319—320—HENRY GROSSMAN; 321—322—HENRY GROSSMAN; 323—324—HENRY GROSSMAN; 325—326—HENRY GROSSMAN; 327—328—HENRY GROSSMAN; 329—330—HENRY GROSSMAN; 331—332—HENRY GROSSMAN; 333—334—HENRY GROSSMAN; 335—336—HENRY GROSSMAN; 337—338—HENRY GROSSMAN; 339—340—HENRY GROSSMAN; 341—342—HENRY GROSSMAN; 343—344—HENRY GROSSMAN; 345—346—HENRY GROSSMAN; 347—348—HENRY GROSSMAN; 349—350—HENRY GROSSMAN; 351—352—HENRY GROSSMAN; 353—354—HENRY GROSSMAN; 355—356—HENRY GROSSMAN; 357—358—HENRY GROSSMAN; 359—360—HENRY GROSSMAN; 361—362—HENRY GROSSMAN; 363—364—HENRY GROSSMAN; 365—366—HENRY GROSSMAN; 367—368—HENRY GROSSMAN; 369—370—HENRY GROSSMAN; 371—372—HENRY GROSSMAN; 373—374—HENRY GROSSMAN; 375—376—HENRY GROSSMAN; 377—378—HENRY GROSSMAN; 379—380—HENRY GROSSMAN; 381—382—HENRY GROSSMAN; 383—384—HENRY GROSSMAN; 385—386—HENRY GROSSMAN; 387—388—HENRY GROSSMAN; 389—390—HENRY GROSSMAN; 391—392—HENRY GROSSMAN; 393—394—HENRY GROSSMAN; 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A Tradition in Hospitality



ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • TAMPA

LIFE

Vol. 55 No. 23 Dec. 6, 1963

PRESIDENT KENNEDY IS LAID TO REST

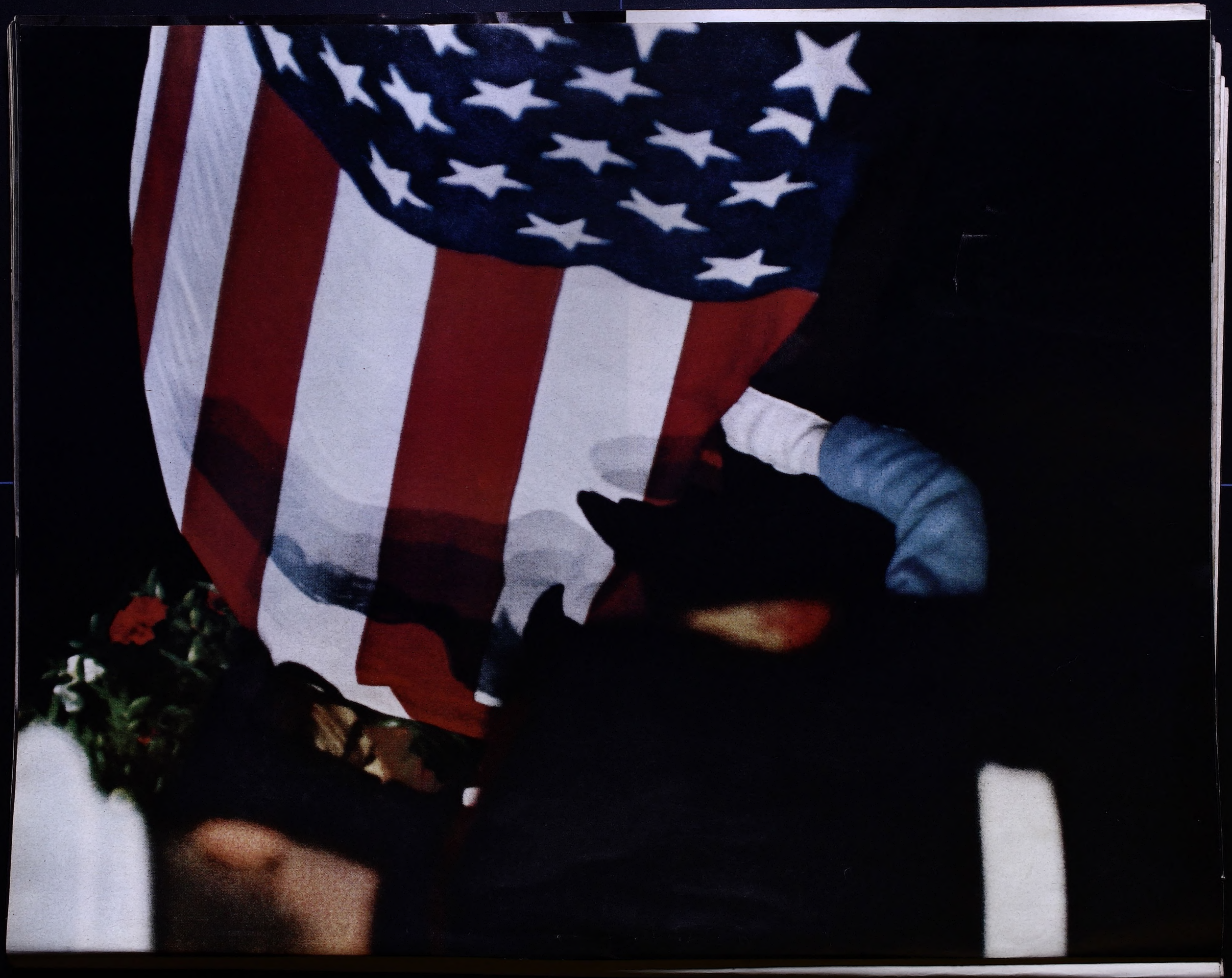


A woman knelt and gently kissed the flag. A little girl's hand tenderly fumbled under the flag to reach closer. Thus, in a privacy open to all the world, John F. Kennedy's wife and daughter touched at a barrier that no mortal ever can pass again.

The next day the dead President's body was taken from the proudly impassive care of his honor guard under the Capitol rotunda and was carried to Arlington Cemetery. It was a day of dazzling brilliance. By a tradition that is as old as Genghis Khan, a riderless horse followed, carrying empty boots reversed in the

stirrups in token that the warrior would not mount again. Muffled drums beat out the cadence of the march; shrill pipes skirled the dirges. The great and powerful of the world marched behind him, to help bear the grief of a nation and of a wife. And at the end, a cardinal committed the 35th President of the United States to the keeping of the Almighty.

Through all this mournful splendor Jacqueline Kennedy marched enfolded in courage and a regal dignity. Then at midnight she came back again, in loneliness, to lay some flowers on her husband's grave.





IN THE GREAT ROTUNDA. The solemnities began inside the Capitol hall—around the same catafalque on which Abraham Lincoln lay in state—in a scene that matched the drama of the historic paintings on the walls. In the foreground were U.S. senators and representatives. At left, under paintings of *Embarkation of the Pilgrims* and *Landing of Columbus*, were members of the Cabinet and Supreme Court and U.S. delegates to the U.N. As Senator Mansfield read his emotional tribute to the late President and his widow, Mrs. Kennedy stood with Caroline and niece, Sydney Lawford. In rear center, under *De Soto's Discovery*, was the White House staff. To its right, under *Pocahontas' Baptism*, stood the foreign diplomats. Then this gathering dispersed and the public came. All afternoon and through the chill night 250,000 people filed past the coffin in a silent stream.

BEARING THE COFFIN. It was carried from the rotunda down the Capitol steps by the same nine pallbearers—from the Army, Navy, Marines, Air Force and Coast Guard—who performed this duty at each of the ceremonies. Then it was placed on the caisson and drawn to the White House and St. Matthew's Cathedral by three pairs of matched gray horses. Following military custom, the right row of horses was saddled but riderless.

IN THE MIDST OF HISTORY THE LAST JOURNEY BEGAN





A SORROWING FAMILY MARCHES TOGETHER



THE SAD WALK. Eyes straight ahead, Mrs. Kennedy walked between Attorney General Robert Kennedy (*left*)

and Senator Edward Kennedy as they followed the coffin to St. Matthew's Cathedral. Behind the Attorney Gen-

eral were Mrs. Kennedy's half brother, James Auchincloss (*left*); Mrs. Lyndon Johnson and Sargent Shriver;

Jacqueline's brother-in-law. Between her and Senator Kennedy was another brother-in-law, Stephen Smith.





ACROSS THE POTOMAC. Leaving Washington and the Lincoln Memorial behind, the procession—which was three miles long—made its way

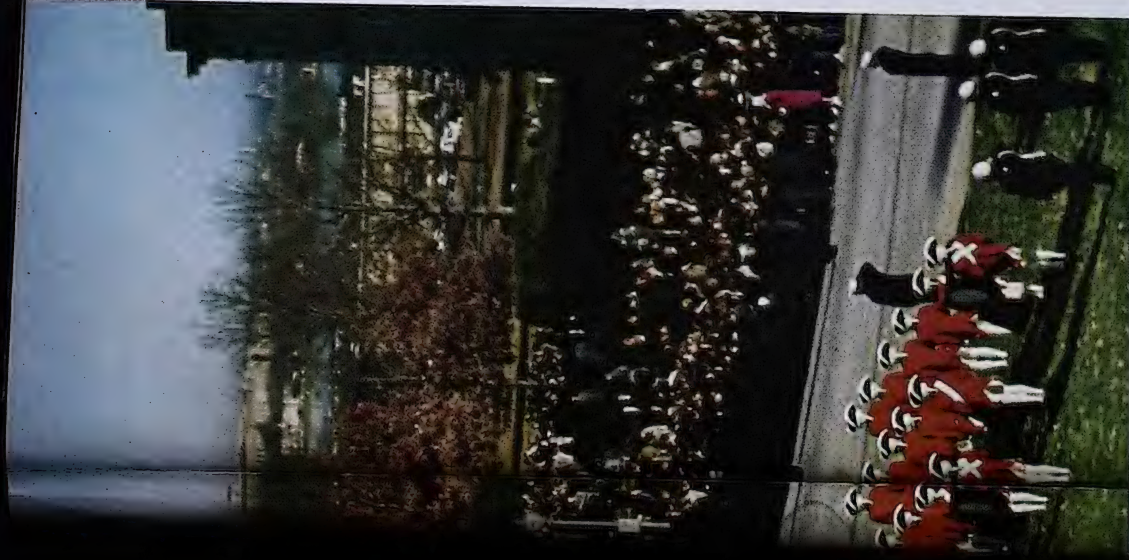
toward Arlington Cemetery. In the right foreground, wearing uniforms styled after the Revolutionary War, stood an Army fife-and-drum corps.

HOMAGE FROM THE GREAT. As taps was sounded, President de Gaulle and Emperor Haile Selassie saluted the grave. Behind Selassie is German

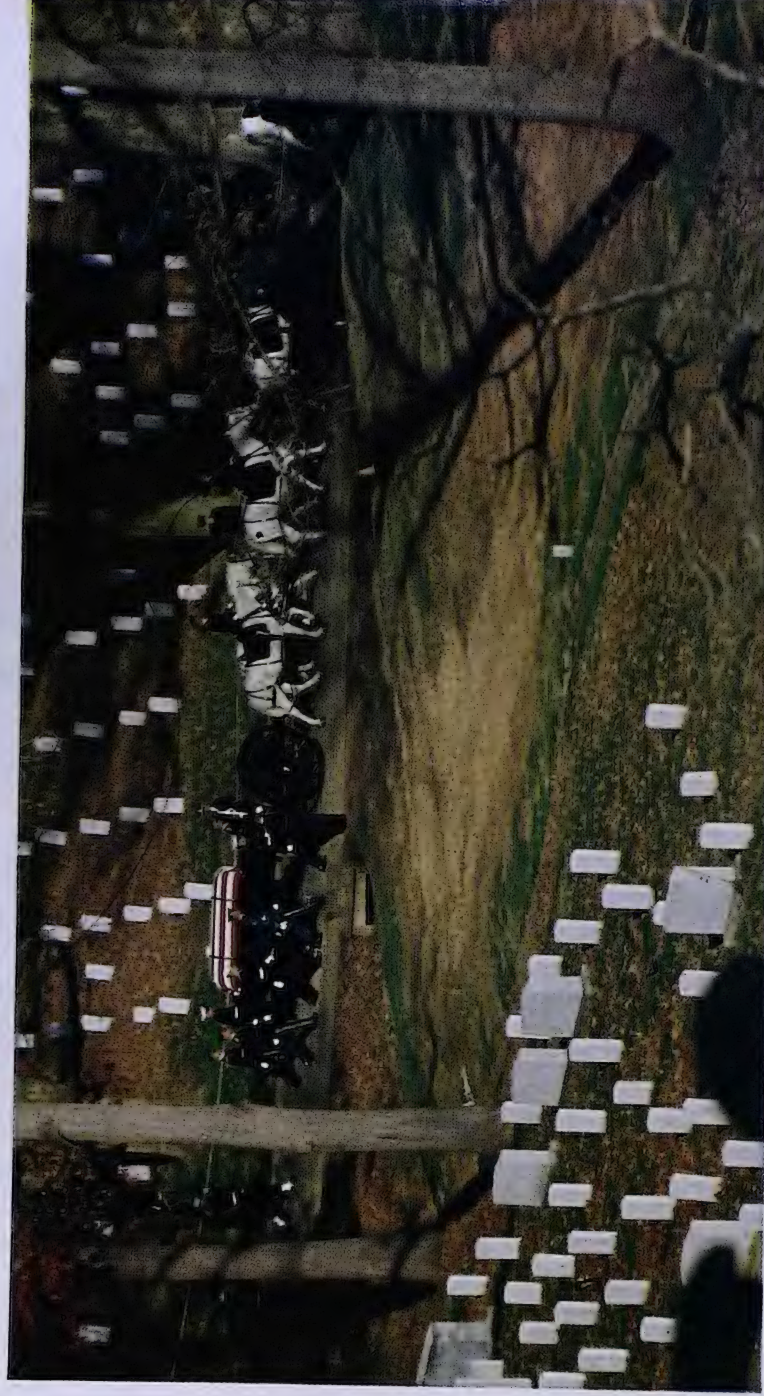
Chancellor Erhard. To right of site is Philippine President Diosdado Macapagal. In dark glasses is South Korean President Park Chung Hee.



ON A HILL IN ARLINGTON CAME THE FINAL SALUTES



THE RESTING PLACE. With the sound of creaking wheels and the clattering of hoofs breaking the silence, the President's caisson entered Ar-



lington Cemetery, passed the graves of American war heroes and headed toward the burial spot on a grassy hill which looks over the Potomac.

A WIDOW'S THANKS. Pausing for a moment after the graveside service with Robert Kennedy, who was ever at her side, Jacqueline Kennedy had

a word of thanks for Bishop Philip Hannan (*left*), who spoke at the funeral, and other Catholic prelates who had taken part in the services.







TWO FLAMES. Eternal flame at the floodlit grave glows amid banked flowers. Above it stands columned Custis-Lee house where General Robert E. Lee once lived. Standing in the rain at a public mourning service in a Chicago street, a young boy weeps as he holds a candle.

CONTINUED

MRS. KENNEDY'S DECISIONS SHAPED ALL THE

by DORA JANE HAMBLIN



WIFE, MOTHER, NIECE. Three generations wait outside St. Matthew's for procession to cemetery. Behind

Mrs. Kennedy stands the President's mother. Sydney Lawford, daughter of Kennedy's sister Pat, is at rear.

Throughout her long ordeal Jacqueline Kennedy's only recorded cry of pain was the "Oh, no!" she uttered as her husband was hit. From that moment on she seemed to draw strength from the events that had engulfed her, until finally she imparted strength to others. Even as she waited in the hospital in Dallas, a resolve began to grow in her to erase the shame of assassination with ceremonies so dignified that the office of President would rise above its momentary emptiness. An instinct to establish the continuity of power drove her and supported her. Still in shock from the bullets which killed her husband and missed her only by inches, she stood beside the new President as he took the oath of office on the plane.

On the two hour and 21 minute flight back to Washington she had time to think. First she asked that a message be sent to Bethesda Naval Hospital asking that it be ready to prepare John Kennedy's body for burial. Then, as she sat in the rear compartment of the plane where the casket was carried, the parallel to Lincoln's death came to her mind, as it had to so many others. Through her avid study of the White House and its residents, she knew more about it than most. From Bethesda Hospital during that first long night she began a series of astonishingly detailed plans and decisions, many drawn from history, the rest of them of her own devising. LIFE's Washington Bureau Chief Henry Suydam helped to piece together many of these details.

Mrs. Kennedy asked someone to telephone a friend and send him to an upstairs library in the White House to get a specific book on Lincoln which contained photographs and drawings of ceremonies surrounding the lying-in-state and the funeral. She remembered exactly where the book was, and she told him. She wanted everything now to correspond as nearly as possible to what had been done for Lincoln. She even specified that the catafalque upon which the coffin would lie in the East Room should duplicate Lincoln's.

She did not leave the hospital until her husband's body was returned to the White House to lie in state in the East Room. She went directly there, and as dawn brightened its windows on Saturday mornings she supervised the hushed-voice preparations for the catafalque and the mourning drapes. A military honor guard took up its position, and she remembered her husband's keen interest in the Spe-

cial Forces, the guerrilla-trained troops he had sent to the jungles of Vietnam. She asked, "Couldn't the honor guard include a member of the Special Forces?" Soon a Special Forces man was added, wearing the green beret she had thought would be more appropriate for formal Army headgear.

It was full morning before she left her dead husband's side, then only for the most painful of all: to see her children for the first time and to try to find words to tell them what had happened. In mid-morning Mrs. Kennedy returned to the East Room this time to attend a special family Mass in front of the casket. Only then did she consent to rest for a while.

The watching nation did not see Jacqueline Kennedy again on Sunday morning, when she and her children prepared to follow the flag-draped casket in a cortege to the rotunda of the Capitol. By the television audience was watching Dallas' second assassination. From this primitive violence watchers could turn to see Mrs. Kennedy, in a black suit and black lace mantilla, walking out of the White House and up the 36 marble steps of the Capitol. There was a hand at her shoulder, no veil to hide her face. With each step she held a small hand, and her quiet eyes were fixed on the casket moving slowly up the steps ahead of her. She and the child moved into place in the vast rotunda. Caroline was solemn and sad. John-John, as his father had named him, gazed with interest at the soldiers and craned at the dome, then began to visit with dignitaries so amiably and audaciously that he was hustled off to the office of the Speaker of the House.

Once or twice, as the somber eulogies echoed in the chamber, Mrs. Kennedy swayed slightly. Occasionally she touched her face but it seemed no more than a familiar gesture she had always used to brush her hair lightly against her hand and began tapping gloved fingertips together. Her mother reached down gently and took her hand again. Then, in a silent moment of dignity and courage which helped to redeem a second moment of madness in the past, the two walked to the altar and knelt beside it.

As they left the rotunda, John-John joined them again, clutching two small flags in his right hand.

SOLEMN PAGEANTRY

He had been given one, in the Speaker's office, to entertain him, and he had asked for the other one "for my Daddy."

All during that ceremony at the Capitol, Jacqueline Kennedy's first public appearance since she had walked into the White House in her bloodstained clothing 32 hours before, she relied both on her sense of history and upon details "that the President would have liked."

He had loved his Navy years, and she asked that the Navy hymn be sung at the Capitol while his casket was being carried up the stairs.

A sense of history and a sure knowledge of her husband's wishes would guide her plans for the next day as well. She remembered his delight at the concert they had all heard on the White House lawn on Veterans Day, when the Black Watch bagpipers played, and she asked that they form a part of his funeral cortege. She remembered his telling her about an Irish Guard funeral drill he had seen last June in Dublin as he laid a wreath on a monument to the Irish Rebellion. She asked for such a drill at his funeral.

As the movers came to clear the oval presidential office of her husband's effects, she even remembered that he had promised, a month ago, to give his desk telephone to the Army Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth, N.J. because he had used it last August to initiate the Army's Syncom satellite. She asked that someone please see to it that the telephone was delivered to Fort Monmouth.

Much of this minute planning had been done by Saturday evening, as 250,000 mourners stood in an endless line to shuffle through the rotunda of the Capitol and pay their last respects to John Kennedy. Suddenly Jacqueline wanted to go back there herself. She asked Robert Kennedy, who had hardly left her side, to take her back. They walked in unannounced, at about 9 p.m., and went so quietly to the coffin that hardly anyone noticed them. While Robert waited behind the rope which isolated the catafalque from the crowds, Mrs. Kennedy knelt again beside it for a few moments, again touched the flag with her lips.

Then she rose, stepped back and looked at the faces in the silent, shuffling crowd. Her brother-in-law touched her arm and they walked out together. The night air had grown very cold. Robert urged her toward a waiting limousine but she said, "Let me walk, let me walk."

They stepped into the darkness together. A woman who recognized her stepped forward impul-

sively and hugged her. Mrs. Kennedy reached up her arms and hugged her in return, without words. She stopped for a moment to speak to some nuns and walked on, coatless in the cold. Then the crowds all saw her at once, and Robert and the Secret Service men guided her back to the car.

Monday morning, the day of the funeral, Mrs. Kennedy carried out another precedent-shattering decision by electing to walk behind her husband's body as it was borne from the White House to St. Matthew's Cathedral. When the procession first left the White House she clasped tightly the hand of Robert Kennedy, as she had earlier that morning when the two of them, accompanied by the late President's youngest brother, Senator Edward Kennedy, had walked yet once again up and down that long flight of steps at the Capitol to accompany the casket on the first lap of its last journey. But then, as the cortege wound away from the White House for the last time, she seemed to straighten her shoulders and resolutely she let go of Robert's hand. Her step was firm, her stride was long and her shoulders were back. At the foot of the cathedral steps her children were again put into her hands. Caroline curtsied to Richard Cardinal Cushing, who met them outside and bent to caress the two children before they marched into the church behind the cross.

There was almost unbearable poignancy inside. Not only was Cardinal Cushing there to say the low funeral Mass—the old family friend with the harsh sound of Boston in his voice, who had married John Kennedy and Jacqueline Bouvier 10 years ago, who had christened their two children and buried the infant son they lost this year. There was also Luigi Vena of Boston, singing *Ave Maria* as he had sung it at their wedding. There sat all of the Kennedy family, except the ailing patriarch Joe, tightened as they buried the third of nine children from that close-knit clan. There sat Caroline, still and solemn beside her mother while someone else entertained John John by showing him pictures in a religious pamphlet out of a rack at the back of the church.

A FINAL TASK. On White House stationery and in her own handwriting, Jacqueline Kennedy wrote instructions for the memorial programs to be placed on seats in cathedral. Below these words, excerpts from President's Inaugural Address were printed.

CONTINUED

Jacqueline Kennedy lost her steel nerve there in the church, just for a moment, but the tears were dry on her face a few minutes later outside when she gently took the religious pamphlet from John John's hands so that he could salute, properly, the body of his father as it lay on the caisson. It was John John's third birthday. With the salute the exciting day of drums and soldiers was over for him. He and Caroline went home to the White House. Their mother could not go just yet.

It took an hour to drive to Arlington National Cemetery behind the horse-drawn caisson. The sun was bright and it made the cold air seem oddly soft. Military units were lined up beside the grave on the grass of a little hill in front of the Custis-Lee mansion. From the flag in front of the mansion, across the grave to the center of the Lincoln Memorial in the distance, it was a straight, true line. This too had been Jacqueline Kennedy's wish and decision. Robert Kennedy had suggested the site, and he and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara had gone out to inspect it. Then Jacqueline herself went out, early Sunday morning, to approve and to make sure the positioning was exactly in line with the two monuments. McNamara sent a team of U.S. Army surveyors to verify that it was as she wanted it.

In a way John Kennedy had himself suggested the site, unwittingly. On a warm day in March this year he wanted a breath of fresh air and slipped out to Arlington with a friend. Looking at the magnificent view of Washington from there, and savoring the air, he said, "I could stay here forever."

As the Kennedy family walked slowly to a row of chairs beside the grave, there were crisp military orders and the sibilant quiet slap of arms being shifted. Fifty jet fighters roared over the cemetery in salute and, after them, Air Force One, which dipped its wings as it passed. Jacqueline had asked for this special salute. "He loved that airplane so much," Mrs. Kennedy

had said. "It took him to so many places..."

There were final prayers, and taps, and the neat crack of a rifle volley. In the crowd a baby cried. The honor guard folded the flag which had covered John Kennedy's coffin for three days and it was turned over, a neat triangle, to his wife. She took it in both hands and put it under her left arm when it was time to step forward and light the eternal flame, which was her own suggestion for "something living" at the grave. As she turned to walk away there were tears on her face behind the heavy veil and for a moment she seemed to stumble. Then she caught her balance and walked down the little hill, hand in hand with Robert Kennedy.

It was not quite over yet. Her superb sense of social fitness decreed that she must receive all the foreign dignitaries who had assembled from around the world to attend the funeral. "It would be most ungracious of me not to have all those people in our house," was the way she put it. And so, within minutes of her return from the grave, she was receiving Presidents De Gaulle of France and De Valera of Ireland and Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia in the family apartment in the White House. Then she went to the Red Room with Edward Kennedy to shake hands and say a few words—in English or French or Spanish—to the other distinguished visitors who had honored her husband and the nation by their presence.

By 5 p.m. on Monday, Jacqueline Kennedy's public duties were finished. She left the White House late that night, with Robert, to stand at midnight by the grave and leave behind a sprig of lilies of the valley. Tuesday evening when the crowds had gone she took Caroline up to see it. Then the evening before she left for Hyannis Port to spend Thanksgiving with the Kennedy clan, she returned once again.

She plans to leave the White House very soon.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Dear Sir, please take care of your servant John Fitzgerald Kennedy
Thank you
JFK



THE NEW CHIEF MOVES BOLDLY T

Now the business of government and diplomacy had to begin again, and President Johnson moved in swiftly to take charge. Within two hours after the funeral he was building his foreign policy and establishing international rapport at his first state reception where he met with the greatest assemblage of foreign dignitaries Washington has ever seen. Among them were President Charles de Gaulle of France, Chancellor Ludwig Erhard of Germany, Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home of Britain, First Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan of the Soviet Union, and heads of state and government of lesser powers from Yemen to Korea. They had come to pay their respects to President Kennedy, but they needed assurance that his death would not disrupt the continuity of U.S. foreign policy.

The assurance President Johnson gave to all at the reception—

and in private meetings with a few—was quite simple. As he stressed to Mikoyan, there would be no change from the policies laid down by his predecessor.

This pledge of continuity then became the theme of a ringing speech the President delivered to a joint session of Congress. He called upon his old colleagues in the House and Senate to translate the Kennedy legislative program into action with all possible speed—most particularly urging quick passage of the civil rights and tax-cut bills. And then he said to the people: "Let us put an end to the teaching and preaching of hate and evil and violence. Let us turn away from . . . those who pour venom into our nation's bloodstream."

ORIENTAL WELL-WISHER. At meeting with Japanese Premier Hayato Ikeda, Johnson gets encouragement.





WITH THE BRITISH. On the receiving line, Johnson and Secretary of State Rusk receive condolences of Ambassador Ormsby-Gore, Prime Minister Douglas-Home, Prince Philip.

STRONG EUROPEANS. Charles de Gaulle, whose differences with John Kennedy were growing before the President's death, accosts German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard (*left*).

HIS BIG TASKS



TALK WITH NEIGHBOR. After reception, President spends 15 minutes with Canada's Prime Minister Pearson.



SOVIET SYMPATHY. Mikoyan gets in his own diplomacy with Averell Harriman (*left*) and Laborite Wilson.

CONTINUED 51





LADY BIRD TAKES ON HER ROLE WITH A SURE HAND

Propelled suddenly into her role as the First Lady, Mrs. Johnson moved calmly with an assurance acquired as the helpmate of the senator and Vice President. She had gone everywhere with her husband when he traveled on missions for President Kennedy, sharing her good looks and warm Texas charm with people all over the world. As hostess at her husband's first presidential reception, she was gracefully at ease with Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands (*right*) and Queen Frederika of Greece, talking at left with CIA Director John McCone. President Johnson has been called probably the best-prepared President ever to enter the White House and his Lady Bird also brings her own special flair.

IN TEXAS A POLICEMAN AND AN

by THOMAS THOMPSON

ON DALLAS—FORT WORTH one hour after the President's casket was lowered into the hallowed ground of Arlington National Cemetery, more than 400 persons crowded into Dallas' Beckley Hills Baptist Church to mourn the other victim of that terrible afternoon—Officer J. D. Tippit, killed by Lee Harvey Oswald while seeking the President's assassin. More than a thousand people who were denied admittance to the service

milled outside the church. Inside, an organist, partly hidden behind a five-foot bank of flowers, played *The Old Rugged Cross*. The choir, conscious of the TV cameras on them, sang with unwonted stiffness. After the funeral 15 police motorcycles preceded the cortege to Laurel Land Memorial Cemetery where Tippit was buried in a special section reserved for Dallas' honored dead.

At almost the same time, just 35 miles away at Fort Worth's Rose Hill Cemetery, a cloth-covered wooden box bearing Lee Harvey Oswald's remains was being buried in the sticky red clay of a hastily

THE TIPPITS. At the grave of Officer J. D. Tippit are his family and thronging mourners. From left: Brenda, 10, brother-in-law Norvell Gasway, Curtis, 4, fellow officer Bill Anglin, Mrs. Tippit, brother-in-law Dwight Gasway.

dug grave. Even though plans had been kept secret, the Oswald coffin was surrounded by uniformed police, and plainclothesmen were posted on the cemetery's borders, admitting only reporters bearing special passes. ("Fort Worth is taking better care of Oswald dead than Dallas did when he was alive," one reporter observed.)

On Sunday night the U.S. Secret Service had assured Miller's Funeral Home that "arrangements would be made" for payment of funeral costs—estimated at \$500. There were no frills. The Oswald family—then as before the shootings—had almost no money. (Contrary to rumor, they received no sum, large or small, from LIFE magazine.) In the absence of pallbearers seven reporters who were on

the scene volunteered to carry the coffin. For a while it had even seemed there might be no minister to bury Oswald. At the last moment Fort Worth Police Chief Cato Hightower had called the Rev. Louis Saunders, executive secretary of the Fort Worth Council of Churches, and the Rev. Mr. Saunders, who had not conducted a burial service in more than eight years, agreed to perform the last rites for Oswald. "Someone had to help this family," he said. "No man should be buried in Fort Worth without a minister."

As the hearse drove through the gates to the cemetery, the grave diggers were still feverishly scooping earth out of the plot. They had been alerted only an hour earlier that there was to be a funeral, and



ASSASSIN ARE LAID TO REST TOO

they had a long way to go. Oswald's coffin remained for three hours in the cemetery's small chapel, untended except for a cordon of police.

The sky was rapidly darkening in the autumn dusk when the coffin was carried from the chapel to a platform beside the open grave. At the bottom a 2,700-pound steel-reinforced concrete vault was already in place to receive it. ("That vault would withstand a sledgehammer," Funeral Director Paul J. Groody reassured newsmen.)

Shortly, Lee Oswald's mourners arrived in two dusty police cars. They were five in number: Oswald's young Russian widow, Marina; his mother, Mrs. Marguerite Oswald; his infant daughters—June Lee, 22 months, and Audrey

Marina Rachel, six weeks—and his brother, Robert, a 26-year-old accountant from Denton, Texas.

The assemblage of police, Secret Service men, reporters and Rose Hill employees upset Oswald's mother. "Privacy at the grave, please," she pleaded, "privacy at the grave."

Five battered aluminum folding chairs were placed at graveside under a faded green canopy. There were two floral offerings, a white blanket of carnations and a spray of red carnations from someone named Virginia Leach.

As the service began, plainclothesmen moved the newsmen—perhaps 75 in all—back away from the grave, partially screening their

view. From a field beyond the cemetery fence a scattering of onlookers, guessing what was happening, strained for a look at the flurry around the new grave. The undertaker opened the coffin to give the mourners a last glimpse of the young man, dead and infamous at 24. He was dressed for burial in a dark-brown suit, white shirt, brown tie and brown socks.

Marina Oswald, who speaks almost no English and could understand little of the simple ceremony, moved to the coffin to kiss her dead husband and to slip two rings on his finger. Her almost stoic composure disappeared and she sobbed bitterly. Oswald's mother and brother followed her. The Oswald babies cried loudly and the gaunt Reverend Saunders stepped

up to conclude the burial service.

"God of the open sky and of the infinite universe," he intoned, "we pray and petition for this family who are heartbroken. Those who suffer and who have tears in their hearts will pray for them. . . . Their need is great."

The minister recited the 23rd Psalm and then the familiar words of Jesus: "In my Father's house are many mansions. . . ."

There were no words for Lee Harvey Oswald except "may God have mercy on his soul."

THE OSWALDS. Oswald's family waits at cemetery for graveside service to begin. Oswald's wife Marina (*left*) holds daughter June Lee while his brother, Robert, speaks to federal officer and his mother holds his baby.



HURRIEDLY, THE ASSASSIN'S COFFIN IS COVERED OVER

The service for Lee Oswald in Rose Hill Cemetery was over in 20 minutes. Quickly the Secret Service men whisked the Oswald family away. The gravediggers worked frantically—almost furtively—to fill the grave as a few reporters and spectators watched. Then a light bulldozer moved in to help. When that was done a workman tossed the two floral offerings atop the mound of raw earth.

Two policemen were ordered to start an around-the-clock watch over the grave. "We like to think Fort Worth folks are even-tempered," explained Chief Cato Hightower. "But we can't take any chances. We don't want this grave bothered." The two guards watched glumly as several onlookers slipped over the fence and came to collect a few souvenir clods of earth from Oswald's grave.





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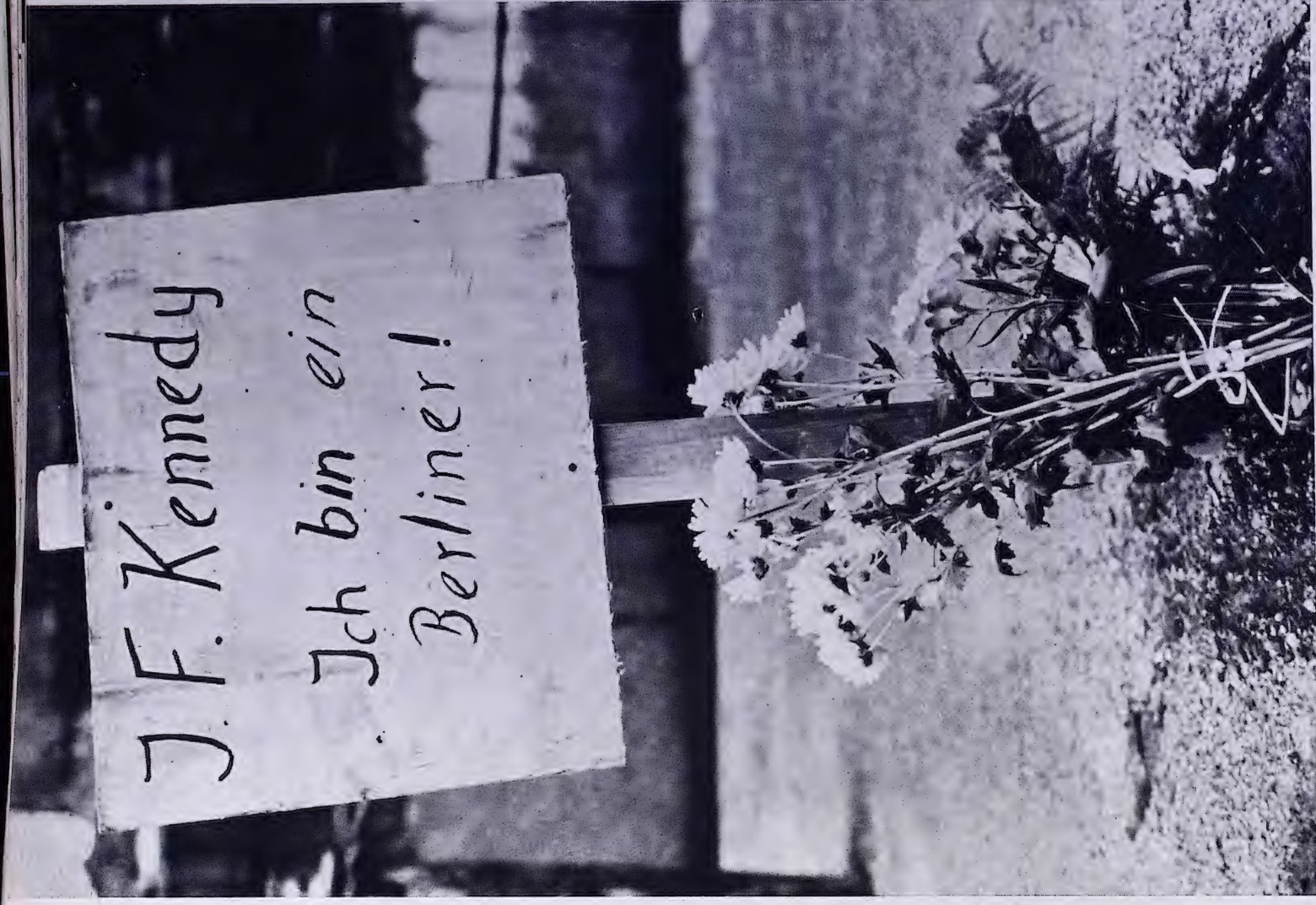
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A tender sign and bouquet under the shadow of the Berlin Wall tell
of the devotion mankind had for John F. Kennedy

SORROW RINGS A WORLD

Crudely lettered on a bit of board and hammered into the hard earth a few yards from the Berlin Wall, the sign read "*Ich bin ein Berliner!*"—"I am a Berliner!" John F. Kennedy had spoken these words in Berlin last June. The people of this besieged city mourned him as one of their own.

There was sorrow almost everywhere, on both sides of the wall. Frenchmen wept in the streets, and in Moscow a woman announcer narrating a television broadcast of his career had to pause to choke back tears.

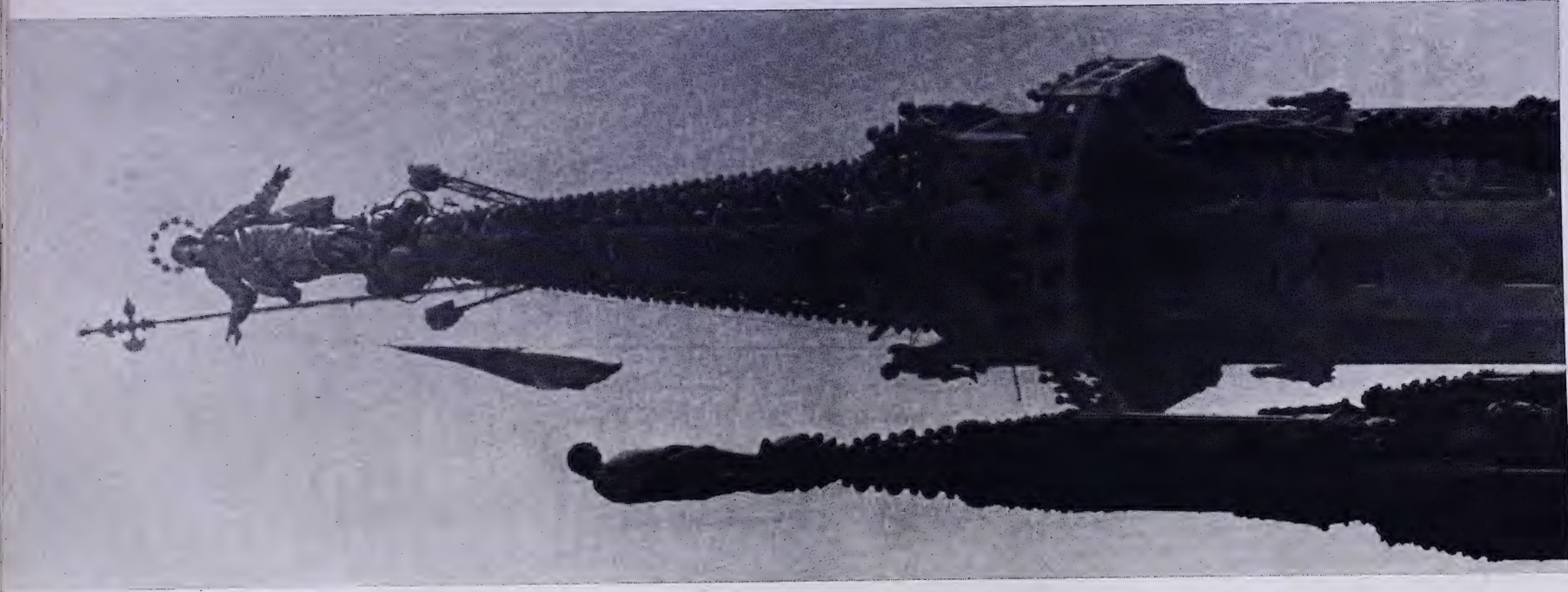
From Madrid to Manila churches filled and American embassies were thronged with people who wanted to sign memorial books. Among the most touching of the many tributes were the simple lines that Irish poet Dominic Behan set to the old melody *Eileen Aruin* which President Kennedy had especially liked:

*Who will console them now, Sean of the Gael?
Who lived in hope with thou, Sean of the Gael,
What lips will smile so gay, laughing their fears away,
Who now to lead the fray, Son of the Gael?*

Berlin lighted torches as the world dipped



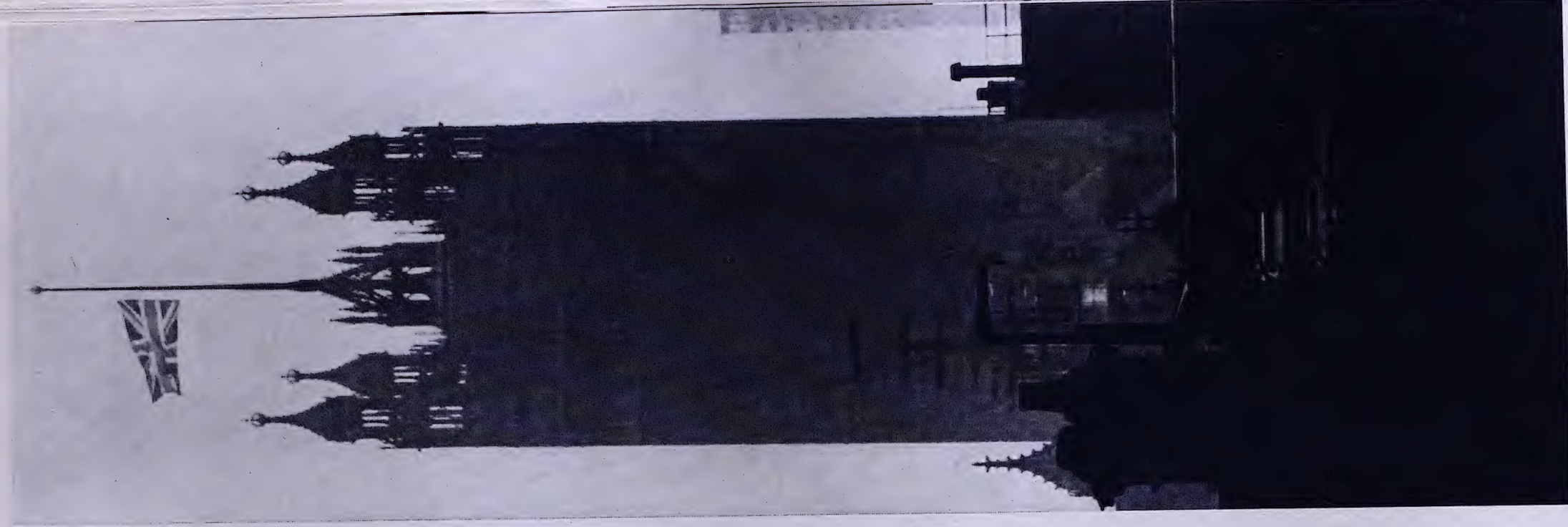
its flags



RESPECT IN MILAN. Partially lowered Italian flag hangs beside a Gothic spire of the cathedral. Communist party headquarters in Rome flew the hammer-and-sickle flag at half-mast.

MEMORIAL IN BERLIN. Torchlight march of 25,000 mourners ends at square before city hall—now named John F. Kennedy Platz—where late President spoke during June visit.

TRIBUTE IN LONDON. Union Jack is at half-mast over Parliament. Commons adjourned out of respect for Kennedy, a gesture usually reserved for death of royalty or prime ministers.



The famous and unknown shared the loss in Paris



FRENCHMAN BREAKS UP. Outside Paris newspaper office a man seen above and in two pictures at right is overcome as he watches satellite relay of televised coverage of the funeral.



AN ACTRESS BROODS. A dejected Marlene Dietrich stands quietly at a service at American Legion Headquarters in Paris. She had been an enthusiastic Kennedy supporter.

A FIRST LADY MOURNS. In Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, Madame de Gaulle, wife of French president, sits alone during Mass timed to coincide with the service held in Washington.



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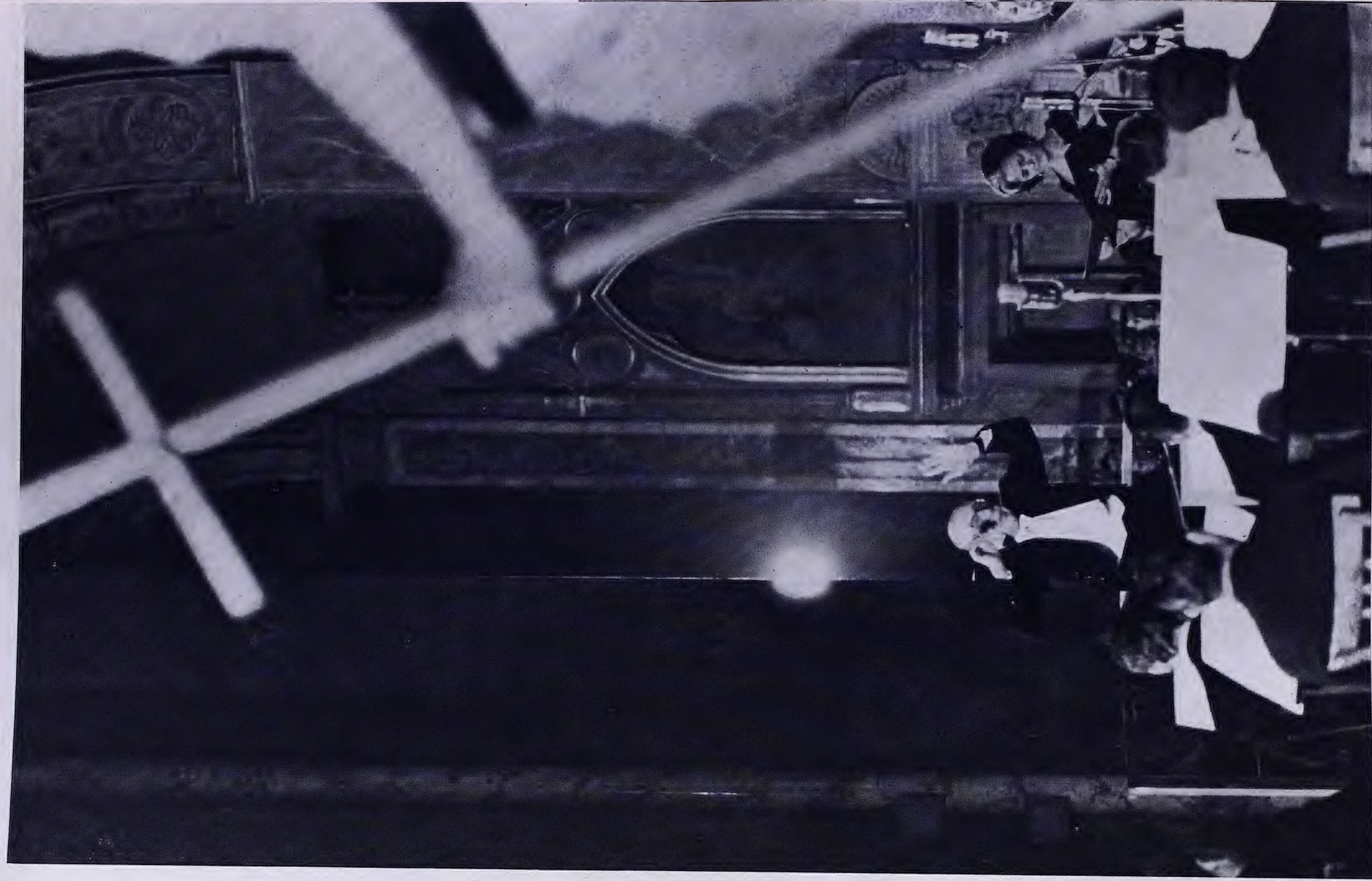
Pope Paul prayed and Italy's president wept



THE POPE KNEELS. Dressed in ornate robes which are draped over a golden *prie-dieu* at the foot of his throne, Pope Paul VI offers a special prayer for the soul of John Kennedy.

THE ROMANS SIGN. At U.S. embassy in Rome, a Marine guard looks on as people from all walks of life entered their names in a book of condolences that would later be sent to the U.S.





PRESIDENT IN TEARS. Ill with flu and unable to travel to Washington, Italian President Antonio Segni attends a Mass in Rome in his overcoat and breaks into unabashed sobs.

STRAVINSKY PERFORMS. Framed by statuary in a Roman church, Composer Igor Stravinsky conducts a performance of his *Mass for Mixed Chorus* in memory of the President.



ANXIETY IN LONDON. Outside the U.S. embassy, crowds press against glass facade to read bulletins on Kennedy's death that were pasted up as fast as they came over news tickers.

'Never again,' said the priest,

SERVICES IN PUERTO RICO. At a cathedral in San Juan, women pray for Kennedy during a memorial Mass sung by their archbishop, who flew back from Rome for the occasion.

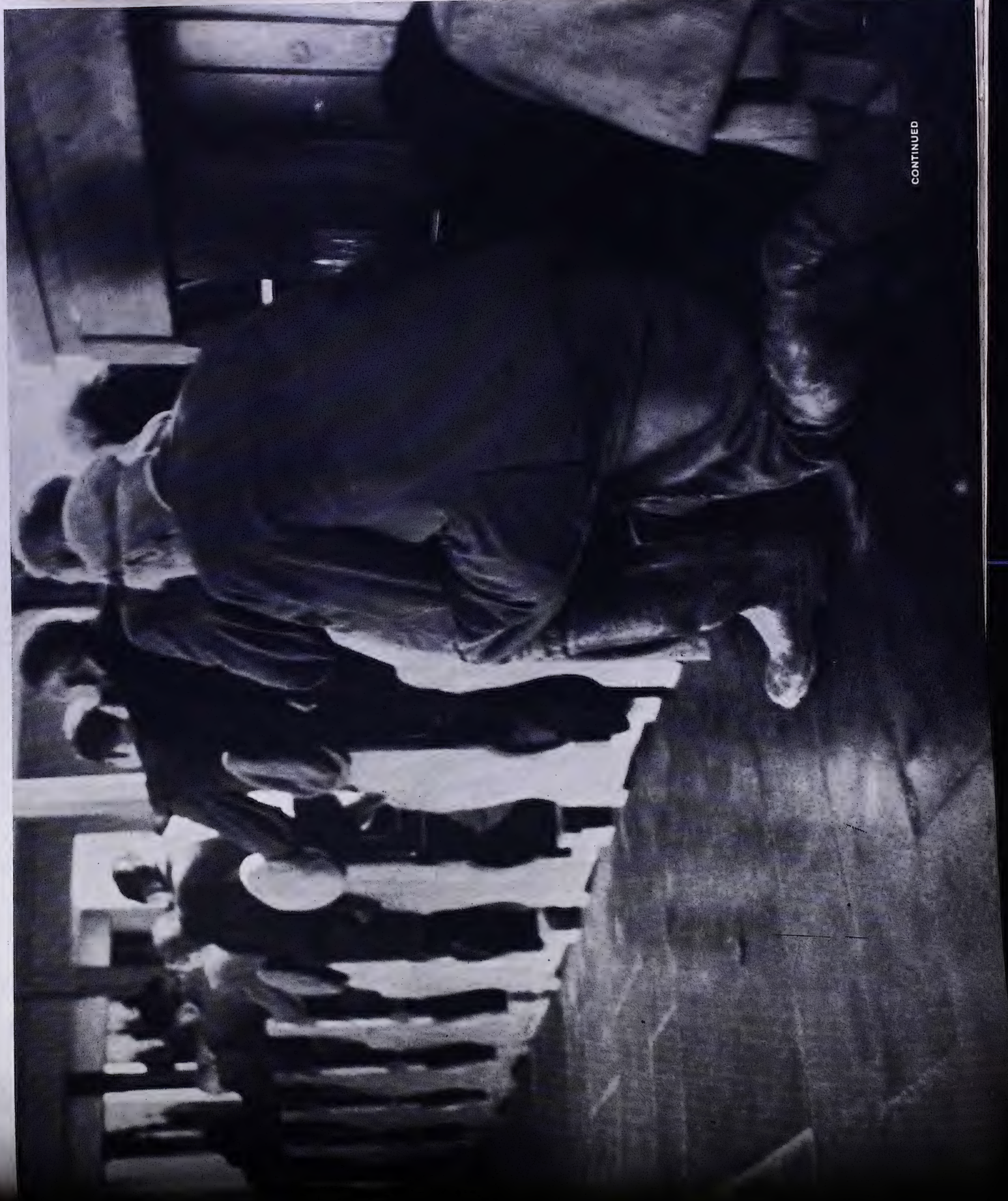




ROYAL RESPECTS. On carriage used to deliver messages to and from Buckingham Palace in London, the queen's coachmen wear black armbands. The palace declared a week of mourning.

'will we see his smiling face'

IRISH MEMORIES. In Ballykelly Church, New Ross, a farmer joins villagers who met Kennedy during visit to Ireland. "Never again," said the priest, "will we see his smiling face."



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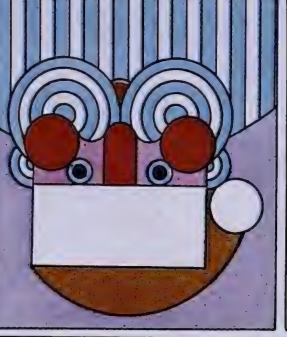

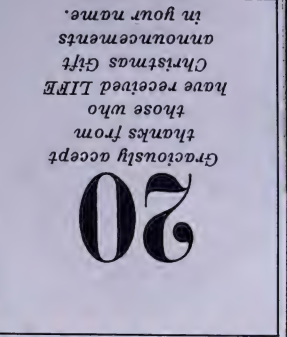
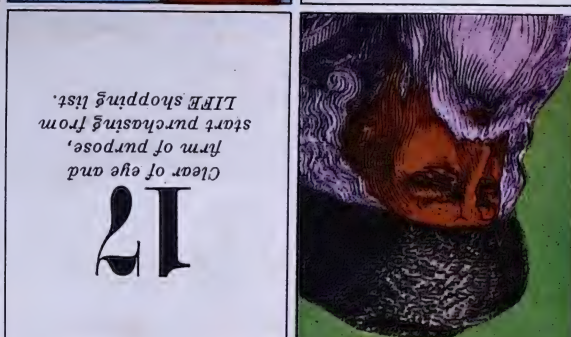


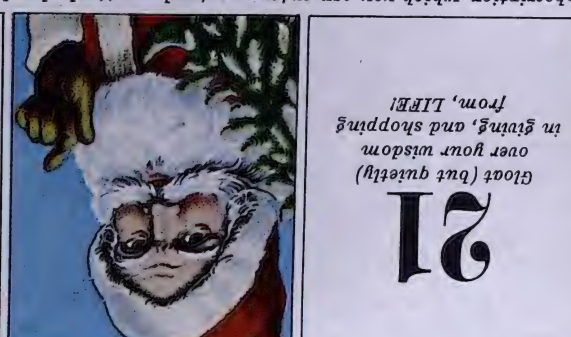
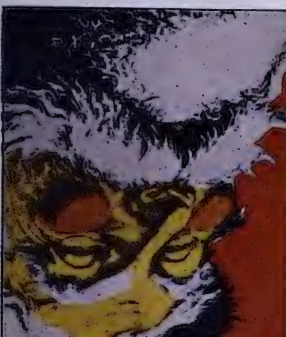



A busy market echoed the nation's faith

On Wall Street, the pulse beat of the U.S. economy, the first reaction to President Kennedy's assassination was 27 minutes of panic selling before the stock market was closed for the long weekend of mourning. But on the day after the President's funeral the market reopened with this scene of healthy, even frantic, activity. The total market value rose by an estimated \$15 billion, the biggest single-day gain in history. "It is a sign of confidence in President Johnson," said the financiers. It was also a sign that the market, like the government, had made a successful transition.

CONTINUED

From
Now to
Christmas,
The
Daily
Shopping
Guide

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By Theodore H. White

FOR PRESIDENT KENNEDY An

She remembers how hot the sun was in Dallas, and the crowds—greater and wilder than the crowds in Mexico or in Vienna. The sun was blinding, streaming down; yet she could not put on sunglasses for she had to wave to the crowd.

And up ahead she remembers seeing a tunnel around a turn and thinking that there would be a moment of coolness under the tunnel. There was the sound of the motorcycles, as always in a parade, and the occasional backfire of a motorcycle. The sound of the shot came, at that moment, like the sound of a backfire and she remembers Connally saying, "No, no, no, no, no."

She remembers the roses. Three times that day in Texas they had been greeted with the bouquets of yellow roses of Texas. Only, in Dallas they had given her red roses. She remembers thinking, how funny—red roses for me; and then the car was full of blood and red roses.

Much later, accompanying the body from the Dallas hospital to the airport, she was alone with Clint Hill—the first Secret Service man to come to their rescue—and with Dr. Burkley, the White House physician. Burkley gave her two roses that had slipped under the President's shirt when he fell, his head in her lap.

All through the night they tried to separate him from her, to sedate her, and take care of her—and she

would not let them. She wanted to be with him. She remembered that Jack had said of his father, when his father suffered the stroke, that he could not live like that. Don't let that happen to me, he had said, when I have to go.

Now, in her hand she was holding a gold St. Christopher's medal.

She had given him a St. Christopher's medal when they were married; but when Patrick died this summer, they had wanted to put something in the coffin with Patrick that was from them both; and so he had put in the St. Christopher's medal.

Then he had asked her to give him a new one to mark their 10th wedding anniversary, a month after Patrick's death.

He was carrying it when he died and she had found it. But it belonged to him—so she could not put *that* in the coffin with him. She wanted to give him something that was hers, something that she loved. So she had slipped off her wedding ring and put it on his finger. When she came out of the room in the hospital in Dallas, she asked: "Do you think it was right? Now I have nothing left." And Kenny O'Donnell said, "You leave it where it is."

That was at 1:30 p.m. in Texas.

But then, at Bethesda Hospital in Maryland, at 3 a.m. the next morning, Kenny slipped into the chamber where the body lay and brought her back the ring, which, as she talked now, she twisted.

On her little finger was the other ring: a slim, gold circlet with green emerald chips—the one he had given her in memory of Patrick.

Epilogue

THERE was a thought, too, that was always with her. "When Jack quoted something, it was usually classical," she said, "but I'm so ashamed of myself—all I keep thinking of is this line from a musical comedy.

"At night, before we'd go to sleep, Jack liked to play some records; and the song he loved most came at the very end of this record. The lines he loved to hear were: *Don't let it be forgot, that once there was a spot, for one brief shining moment that was known as Camelot.*"

She wanted to make sure that the point came clear and went on: "There'll be great Presidents again—and the Johnsons are wonderful, they've been wonderful to me—but there'll never be another Camelot again.

"Once, the more I read of history the more bitter I got. For a while I thought history was something that bitter old men wrote. But then I realized history made Jack what he was. You must think of him as this little boy, sick so much of the time, reading in bed, reading history, reading the Knights of the Round Table, reading Marlborough. For Jack, history was full of heroes. And if it made him this way—if it made him see the heroes—maybe other little boys will see. Men are such a combination of good and bad. Jack had this heroic idea of history, the idealistic view."

But she came back to the idea that transfixed her: "*Don't let it be forgot, that once there was a spot, for one brief shining moment that was known as Camelot*—and it will never be that way again."

As for herself? She was horrified by the stories that she might live abroad. "I'm never going to live in Europe. I'm not going to 'travel extensively abroad.'

That's a desecration. I'm going to live in the places I lived with Jack. In Georgetown, and with the Kennedys at the Cape. They're my family. I'm going to bring up my children. I want John to grow up to be a good boy."

As for the President's memorial, at first she remembered that, in every speech in their last days in Texas, he had spoken of how in December this nation would loft the largest rocket booster yet into the sky, making us first in space. So she had wanted something of his there when it went up—perhaps only his initials painted on a tiny corner of the great Saturn, where no one need even notice it. But now Americans will seek the moon from Cape Kennedy. The new name, born of her frail hope, came as a surprise.

The only thing she knew she must have for him was the eternal flame over his grave at Arlington.

"Whenever you drive across the bridge from Washington into Virginia," she said, "you see the Lee Mansion on the side of the hill in the distance. When Caroline was very little, the mansion was one of the first things she learned to recognize. Now, at night you can see his flame beneath the mansion for miles away."

She said it is time people paid attention to the new President and the new First Lady. But she does not want them to forget John F. Kennedy or read of him only in dusty or bitter histories:

For one brief shining moment there was Camelot.

At the cathedral on his third birthday, John Fitzgerald Kennedy Jr. faces his father's coffin and salutes—exactly as he had learned to do all the times he had watched real soldiers salute his father.



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